

Good Morning 115

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

HOW TO GO BROKE IN CIVVY STREET

Here's a new way you hadn't thought of

HOW smart are you ashore? Beau Brummel, the dope, died in abysmal poverty in an insane asylum in France. In less than thirty years he had spent a fortune of £30,000 on

By Peter Davis

Everyone knows of his reputation as the best-dressed man who ever lived. His shirts cost ten guineas apiece, and he once stayed in bed for a week because of shame for the bad cut of a collar!

The silly dope!

Yet Beau Brummel's glory fades before that of a Chicago meat millionaire. And if Silas Keen could read those words to-day he would be the proudest man on earth.

"Say, who is this Beau Brummel I hear so much about?" he asked his secretary one day.

His secretary didn't know, but she went to the library, and came back with a pile of books about the man whose taste in clothes was even copied by the King.

Silas was suitably impressed. "If they've written all this about him, he must have been someone!" he declared.

And a week later he went to his tailor and ordered

twenty new suits. "I'm going to beat Beau at his own game," he vowed, and all Chicago soon heard of his overpowering passion to be well dressed. Within a week the lift of his office was congested with salesmen anxious to sell him spats, ties, suits, shirts, socks, suspenders... everything for the well-groomed man.

Pressing their suits!

Some of the salesmen were overcharged. They looked at Silas's tie and told him why he had to change. They stared at his suit, and, in effect, told him the effect was ruined because he wasn't wearing So-and-So's braces.

Silas refused to buy their wares, but their hints went home.

"Why," he told his friends, "this business of taste in clothes is a bigger thing than I thought!"

Then and there he advertised

He was well-suited

There were suits for shooting, fishing, hunting, riding, driving, smoking, theatre-going, visiting, business—so many suits, so to speak, that Silas was always suited.

Silas vowed he would never wear the same suit or the same pair of shoes twice. He changed his shirt six or seven times a day. Even when he went to bed he had to choose a nightshirt—he never wore pyjamas!—suited to the room, and it had to be matched with dressing-gown and slippers. "Clothes make the man," he quoted, "night and day!"

And they certainly made Silas. His clothes kept him so busy that he presently retired from business.

Clothing firms eagerly sought his advice. Silas had been willing to learn, and he soon became America's expert. Theatrical impresarios invited him

IT'S FOOD AND DRINK TO HIM



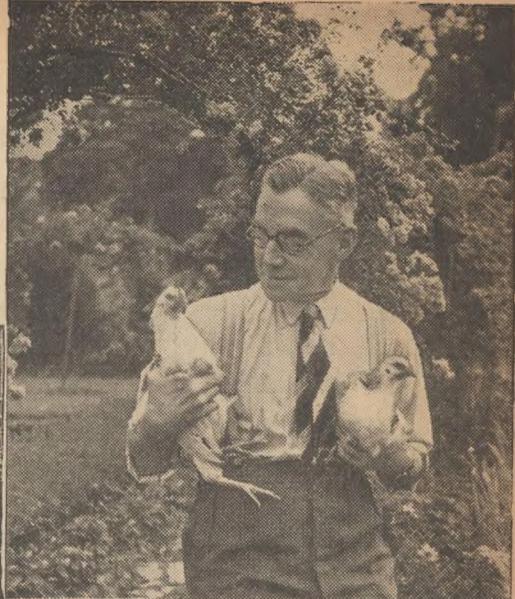
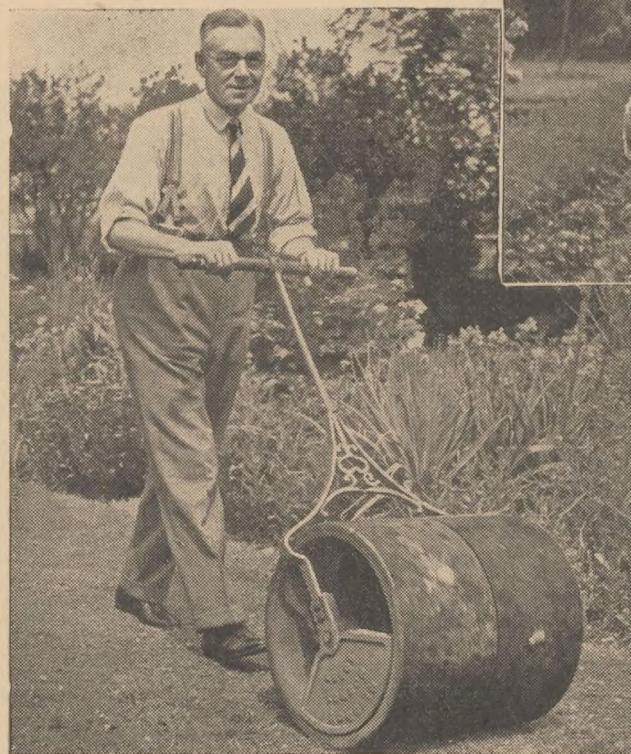
DON'T take too much interest in this picture, lads, otherwise there'll be a shortage of glasses at the local. It's all very well ordering half a pint of beer, but don't do as this fellow does and eat the glass with it. I mean, that's a meal in itself. Anyway, what's the barmaid going to say when you hand her back the bottom of the glass—you know, the tough bit—for a fill-up. This is what SIRDANI does, and, as you can guess, it makes an awful mess of his teeth.

They are worn quite flat with the constant grinding on the glass.

You can always get some spam, or something, for lunch, so leave the glasses for another quick one.

Beats us how his stomach stands it all...

From the VICAR OF CLYST ST. MARY IN DEVONSHIRE—



—To Lieutenant B. J. Heslop, D.S.C.

OUR photographer called in on your father the other day—what a lovely old Georgian house that is, by the way—and found him busy, as usual. He's a sergeant in the "specials," Acting Chaplain to the Forces, on the Invasion Committee (Chairman), and has his own job to do in a busy parish on top of it.

In peace-time he played cricket for Devon, and was captain of the East Devon Golf Club—but you can see for yourself he hasn't much time for such things now.

We snapped him hard at two of his new jobs—Captain of the Speckled Sussex and Head Superintendent of Garden Rollers.

All's well at home, Lieut. Heslop.

AI Male Reports

A DEFEAT on the HOLIDAY FRONT

YOU must know Pat. She's our tame stenographer, with a wild streak and piercing shaft of wit. Has been known to lick the boots off "I get browned off" Richards. "They say, why the heck do they say it?" Odo Drew, "Crimes I wish I had committed" Martin, and "Beneath his Scarface" yours truly, in a duel of wits, and when the referee announced this decision it was discovered that Pat was fighting with both hands tied behind her back. THAT will suffice to give you the low-down about our type-writer terror—we hope.

Well—when she announced that she was going to "do" the Lake District, we knew that those peaks were in for a rough handling. "Do" them—she sure would—Great Gable or his brother Clark were all in the same category as far as she was concerned, and Helvellyn was... well... what the Hell was it?... chicken food.

Good Morning" action stations

The staff of "Good Morning" never left the 'phones—working day and night (between opening hours), not daring to move in case Pat had given Kirkstone Pass the go-by, swum Windermere under-water without taking a breath, or taken the edge off the Langdale Pikes.

She arrived back looking about as sun-tanned as a victim of pernicious anaemia, and collapsed into her chair in a state of coma, mumbling "There's no place like home" — a song which we never knew she'd heard of—she who knows every grill (including some very mixed ones) from the Rio Grande to the Palace Strand.

Something had gone wrong with the woks—"G. M." was perturbed and then some.

"Did'ums find the Lakes fakes?" I asked in my best bedside manner—but Pat (thanks to the attention of Stuart Martin) was apparently reconstructing the crime, and gasped "Come round to my flat to-night and I'll give you the low-down in

exact replica, then you'll understand."

Pat's abode of love is situated on the top floor of an eight-storey block of flats (I'm not telling where, so put back your date-books). Anyway, I yodelled my way up the avenue in anticipation of a real mountain-treating treat... one MUST get acclimatised, you know.

Acclimatised, my foot—that's what you think maybe—but when I reached the mansions, gazed skywards and thanked Heaven for the discovery of electric lifts—I received hit below-the-belt Number One.

"Lift not to be used, sir," said the sphinx-like comissionaire, "the lady said as would you put these skates on and walk up to the 8th floor."

There was no alternative—I put on those skates.

Pilgrim's Progress

Have you ever tried walking on ice, on skates? Well, walking up about eight million marble steps is nothing like it. I reached or struggled to each successive floor, not on the skate edge, but first floor shoe welts, second floor side of feet, third floor ankle bones, fourth floor ankle bones bare of socks, fifth floor side of calves, sixth floor shins, seventh floor shin bones minus hair, skin and flesh, and collapsed on the eighth on my face (my knees protruding through huge vents in my pants, and positively crying out for iodine).

"Travellers' Rest" I saw in Pat's unmistakable handwriting, but still it didn't mean anything—she always was good at giving signs.

"Thanks for the welcome, Pat," I beamed (?). "Now I know what horse-pitality means... I adore your sense of humour... you RAT."

—Ah, Bisto!

Smell of simmering coffee wafted to the door across which I was prostrated... my mind worked quickly... maybe I was wrong.

"Coffee—good," I murmured. "I withdraw the compliments... hand me a cup right now."

"That isn't for you, Al, old pal," coyly retorted Pat. "You can have the smell if you like,

it's all I got when I was away. Try wrapping it up in that grease-proof paper and taking it home for supper."

"You beast," I thought. "What's the idea, anyway," and struggling to my feet, or where my feet had originally been when I left home, I strode forward, put my foot into a hole made by a carefully removed and concealed floor-board, and fell headlong against the legs of an upturned coffee-table.

"Padded cell, I suppose, Pat?" I asked, trying to raise a sense of humour, "or is this the dealer's revenge because you got your furniture payments upside down?"

"Oh no," she puffed through a foot-long fag-holder. "Every time I missed my footing on Great Gable I hit something like that, only multiplied."

The Temptress

Through my remaining open eye I espied a lovely steak surrounded by new potatoes and garden peas... Well, of course, Pat must have her little joke—now she's being sensible—food is indicated.

"Steak... you darling," I cried.

Ignoring my frantic murmurings, the witch calmly produced a razor blade and separated a paper-thick slice of steak from its parent.

"You don't feed the cat on steak, surely," I queried.

"Not at all," replied a voice of steel. "This is your Fakeland portion. Count these peas, and hand back all over the number seven."

"Spanish Inquisition," I thought. "Gestapo and Concentration Camp must be luxury cruises by comparison."

"At least let me have a hot bath and drown my horror," I pleaded.

"Right," she replied, "I know just how you feel about it."

"Sympathy at last," I thought. No woman could be as bad as she kidded. My... what an actress!—the Divine Sarah reincarnated.

"You'll find a towel behind the door," were the last words I heard as I staggered into the bathroom, but what did I care

—I could always get medical attention for my ears.

A watery grave

Alas, the door lock refused to live up to its name—push as I would, the windows refused to budge from the position dialled "full-open," and the electric fan registered "full-speed ahead," and more than justified it. I resigned myself to my fate, flopped on to the side of the bath, lifted (by super-human effort) one foot plus skate, which carved a lovely slice into my knee, caused me to leap with agony, catch the remaining skate in a gaping hole in the carpet... lose my balance and fall acrobatic-like into the bath.

"I'm still in hot-water," flashed across my mind, but even there I had one wrong on the coupon... Icy cold water, was my destiny.

"There go my Dreams" I bubbled as I registered another to the list of "Famous Last Words"... but even then I was off my course.

"THERE WENT MY DREAMS," snorted Pat, "Maybe now you'll believe me when I say having your head in the clouds is all right if you like it that way, but—boy-oh-boy—give me terracotta EVERY time—and the more 'cot' the more 'terracific'."

WISDOM From the Past

They're only truly great who are truly good.

George Chapman (1557-1634).

Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619).

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

Shakespeare (King Henry VI).

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

- What is a koala?
- Who wrote (a) "Antony and Cleopatra," (b) "Caesar and Cleopatra"?
- Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Sausage, Rissole, Bread, Eggs, Pies, Cake, Soup?
- Who was heavy-weight Boxing Champion from 1915-18?
- Where are the Appalachian Mountains?
- What are pettitoes?
- What is meant by pervicacious?
- What is liquorice?
- Who were the Bandar-log?
- What is ormolu?
- Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Inevitable, Incorrigible, Indubitable, Undeniable, Inelegible?
- In amateur boxing, what is the maximum weight of a welter-weight?

Answer to Quiz in No. 114

- The wild ass of Asia.
- (b) Sir James Barrie, (b) Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.
- Barry Lyndon is by Thackeray; the others are by Dickens.
- Cannibals who lived in Scythia.
- Nickname for Edinburgh.
- Tommy Burns.
- When it is nearest the earth.
- Very hard wood from a South American tree.
- Character in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy."
- A kind of fossil cuttlefish.

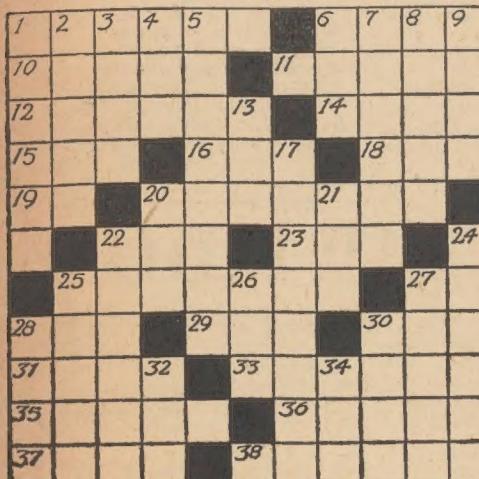
Who is it?

He wears remarkable eyebrows, upraised and expressive of surprise. Also a no less remarkable bowler hat. When appearing in public he usually asserts that he has no intention of becoming a laughing-stock; which is palpably untrue. Any signs of mirth on the part of his listeners he deprecates, begging them to desist and to remember where they are. In his spare time he makes fiddles. Who is he? (Answer on Page 3)

Be England what she will, with all her faults she is my country still.
Charles Churchill
(1731-1764)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Forms.



CLUES DOWN.

- Firm.
- Answering call.
- Plant used in medicine.
- Explosive sound.
- Sap.
- Wild ass.
- Bounded easily.
- Consider.
- Adequate.
- Salutation.
- Ventilate.
- Sailor.
- Rascal.
- Large inns.
- Regional animals.
- Possesses.
- Boy's name.
- Sailing ship.
- Swarming place.
- Before.
- Spoil.

THE LIAR WHO FOOLED ALL ENGLAND

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, the man who wrote a fake "Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa" and gulled the British public, made but little money by his fraud, and though when repentant he bewailed his former spendthrift living, his excesses do not seem to have amounted to much.

Neither in food nor drink nor dress was he extravagant; and as to love-affairs, there is a decided impression to be gathered from his "Memoirs" that he was willing his readers should think he had more than was actually the case. Love of fun must be eliminated. Psalmanazar's writings reveal no sense of humour.

His birth-year is generally given as 1679, though it might equally well be 1680, on the strength of a statement in his "Last Will and Testament."

Writing on April 4th, 1752, he said he was then in his seventy-third year. In a document of this kind we should expect accuracy, but the chronology of Psalmanazar's "Memoirs" is loose, and he makes several statements which cannot be reconciled with the date in his will, and favour rather a date as late as 1684.

Of Psalmanazar's early days, we know only so much as he chose to tell in his "Memoirs." Therein he excuses himself from mentioning his real name or the country of his birth, adding, however: "Out of Europe I was not born, nor educated, nor ever travelled; but continued in some of the southern parts of it till about the sixteenth year of my age."

He never went farther from his birthplace than the Rhine, on the Continent, and Yorkshire in England.

From the names of places which he gives in connection with his boyhood it is clear that his first home was in the South of France.

His family, says Psalmanazar, were zealous Roman Catholics, strongly biased against all Protestants.

His father was of ancient but decayed stock, his mother a pious, good woman. He was their only surviving child, and when he was but five the father was obliged to leave them and go, for what purpose we are not told, to live in the neighbourhood of the Rhine.

In consequence he was entirely in the hands of his mother, who had a small income of her own, and did what she could for his education. He cannot remember he had a single vicious inclination under her care. But when, at the age of six, he began to go to school, a deterioration at once set in.

The budding flower

His first tutors were two Franciscan monks in his native place, the elder of whom, noting in him what he calls an uncommon genius for languages, put him in a high form, with boys twice his age, made a great favourite of him, and

wasted, when it was agreed between his mother and his tutor that he should go to a Dominican establishment in the nearest university town for the study of theology.

Here, he says, his school seemed to him "a new world," where he was looked upon as "a little raw striping," and fell quite out of conceit with himself.

He gradually ceased to attend lectures, and took to sauntering about the town, looking at the sights. He wrote letters of complaint to his mother, who sent him money to take him to Avignon; and now Psalmanazar's school education was at an end.

Excusing his lapse

The picture which he draws of this education is not flattering to his teachers. He had, of course, considerably before the time when he began to write



Mr. George Psalmanazar.

his "Memoirs," joined the Church of England, and so had no motive to make the picture unduly favourable to the Franciscans, Jesuits and Dominicans through whose hands he had passed.

He was, moreover, attempting to account for his lapse into what he calls his "vile and abominable life, blended with such mixture of the most unaccountable pride, folly, and stupid villainy."

At Avignon—the first definite place-name, by the way, which Psalmanazar mentions in this part of his book—he endeavoured to obtain private teaching work, but met with little success. He left the city and went as tutor to two young boys.

When, however, his pupils' mother encouraged him to make love to her, "my vanity of being thought more chaste than I really was" held him back, and the lady dismissed him.

Returning to Avignon, he found that a fellow-townsman with whom he had formerly lodged had left, and he was soon penniless. From this time he dates his career of falsehood.

First, he represented to some friars that he was a sufferer in the cause of religion, his father having used him severely for it; a story "abominably false in every respect," he confesses. But he gained little by it except sympathy.

Then he bethought himself of

a plan to get back to his mother, a long journey from Avignon. He procured from the proper office a passport, in which he described himself as a young Irish student of theology, who had suffered from persecution in his own country and was on a pilgrimage to Rome.

This new pose involved him in many a lie and was hard to keep up, as he had no knowledge of Irish affairs. Also he had no equipment as a pilgrim, and was reduced to stealing from a church a staff and leather cloak, which had been deposited as a votive offering by some grateful pilgrim.

With these and his fluent command of Latin, he made his way along the road, begging of the clergy and better-class people. He made quite good money thus, though he dissipated it again by putting up at inns for the night.

Pilgrim's Progress

Finally he reached home; but his mother was not pleased at the way in which he had wasted what she had spent on his education and urged him to go to his father and see whether he could do anything for him.

Accordingly, still in pilgrim's disguise, he set out for the Rhine.

He represents himself as being not yet sixteen. But as he describes seeing by the

Continued on Page 3.

WANGLING WORDS—77

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after NU, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of BLINDING ROT, to make a northern town.

3. Change HALF into TIME, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: TWO into NIL, ALL into ANY, COME into HERE.

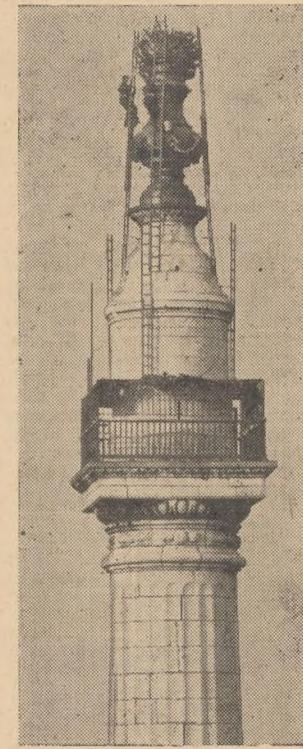
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from WEATHERCOCK?

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 76

- STeepeST.
- WESTMORLAND.
- MOON, MOOD, GOOD, GOAD, GOAT, COAT, COST, LOST, LOSE, ROSE, RISE, SUN, BUN, BUT, BET, SET, SIDE, BIDE, BIDS, BEDS, BEES, SEES, STEP, SOCK, ROCK, RACK, RACE, RAPE, RIPE, RISE, ROSE, NOSE.
- Hail, Hear, Pear, Nail, Line, Pile, Leap, Nape, Pane, Pain, Rain, Lain, Liar, Rail, Pail, Pale, etc.
- Pearl, Paper, Plain, Plane, Paler, Learn, Liner, Liana, Papal, Renal, Panel, etc.

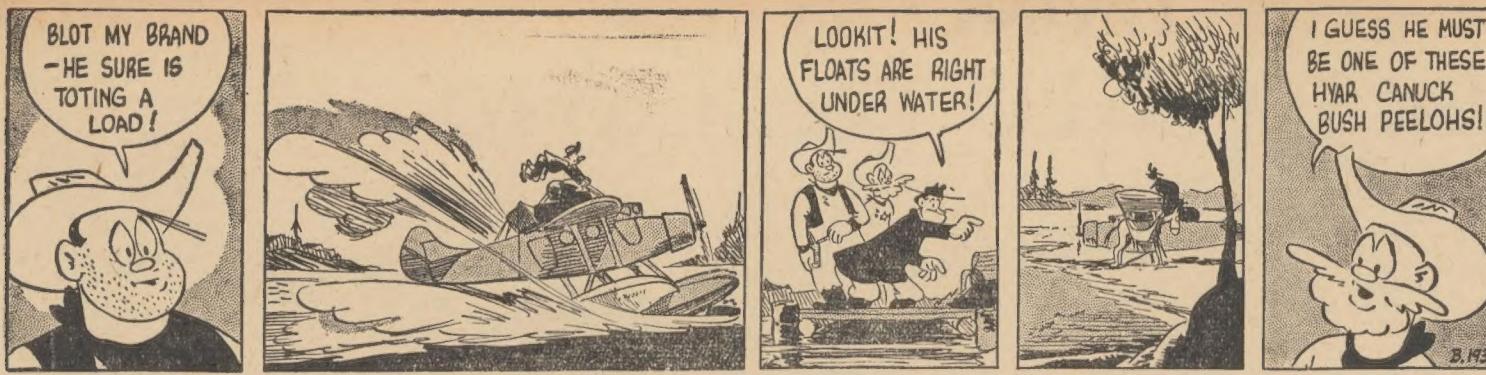
TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



This MIGHT be the Tower of Babel, or it might not. At least it could be Nelson's Column under repair, Duke of York's Column, or even the Monument. Come on, you Londoners. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 114: Coati Mundi.



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



THE LIAR WHO FOOLDED ALL ENGLAND—Continued

roadside corpses of soldiers disbanded after the Peace of Ryswick, turned felon, executed and exposed as examples, he must have been older than sixteen.

The journey to the Rhine was a hard one, there being little to be begged from the Calvinist or Lutheran villages to which in time he came. When he reached his father, he found him, though amiably disposed, in very

poor circumstances and unable to help him with more than advice.

As his pronunciation of Latin and Greek was different from that in Germany and he had no German, he could get no teaching work. Germany, too, had been ruined by the war.

The father's advice was to travel on to the wealthier Flanders, Holland and Brabant, where there would be a welcome for a student. Having

been a great traveller himself, he drew up a route for his son to follow and sent him on his way.

From this time Psalmanazar saw neither of his parents again.

Said he was a Jap

The pose of an Irish pilgrim was now dropped. He forged for himself a new passport, using the old seal and repre-

sented himself as a Japanese convert to Christianity. He explains that with the Jesuits he had been taught something about the Far East, its geography, etc.; and he trusted to his pregnant imagination to carry him through where knowledge failed.

Answer to WHO IS IT?
GEORGE ROBEY

GOLDEN EGGS ARE STILL BEING LAID

Says Peter Davis

EGG prices are booming in Britain's strangest egg markets—for collectors only!

In one instance, a man had a penguin's egg in his home museum. At least, he had always considered it a penguin's egg, until he happened one day to read that the French for "Great Auk"—a bird now extinct—was "pingouin." Then he dashed along to the Natural History Museum, discovered that his egg had been laid by no ordinary penguin, and eventually sold it for £262.

The last Great Auk in Britain was killed by St. Kilda fishermen nearly a century ago. Its tribe left only 79 eggs in the world, and there is always big money in rarities.

Even half an egg of the giant Moa has been sold at auction, and fetched three guineas. One fancies that the Moa, could it come back to the New Zealand bush, might sniff at the price. Big in every way, it could kill a horse with one blow of its foot, and a complete Moa's egg is worth 200 guineas.

A man once tried to fake a Moa's egg. Natives discovered the precious trophy buried in the sand; the trickster pretended to purchase it, and sent it for auction. In the nick of time this masquerading egg was unmasked—as a common, valueless ostrich egg, cleverly painted.

The eggs of that extinct mammal bird, the Aepyornis, have never fetched large prices, although they were the biggest eggs ever laid and only twenty remain in existence. Perhaps their trouble is house-room. This egg is 135 times larger than a hen's egg and is capable of holding nearly two gallons of liquid.

A hen's egg has been sold for £20. It was reputed to be the oldest hen's egg in the world. The hen that laid it lived in Roman days.

A few hours before the volcanic cataclysm overswept Herculaneum and Pompeii, that chicken tenderly laid her egg on straw beneath a cart inside an outhouse.

As the ashes of Vesuvius descended, the supports of the cart shielded the egg and created an air pocket. Buried alive, boiled by the heat, blackened, calcified, the egg yet emerged intact before the archaeologist's spades after nearly 2,000 years—and was bought for a Chinese museum.

The purchase was appropriate, for, of course, to a Chinaman an old egg has the vintage of old wine. In a Peking shop I have seen a price-list of eggs fit for the connoisseur.

Swallows' eggs at five years old were worth only 4s., but at ten years old they had gone up to £2. Certain duck eggs were £2 apiece for a 1920 vintage, and five-year-old turkey eggs were cheap at £1.

Yet even the eggs of common British birds can be worth money in bulk, and £150 was paid not long ago for a complete set of the eggs of every known British bird.

Sid Field Says—

A MAN I know has just got his sergeant's stripes in the Home Guard. His first job was to drill a squad of men along the top of a cliff. With splendid pomp he followed the command, "Forward, quick M-A-R-C-H!" They moved off as one man.

Suddenly he realised to his horror that he had forgotten how to stop them. The first man was only a few inches from the cliff-edge when one little private yelled, "Say something, Sarge—if it's only goodbye!"

BUT this sort of humour is not confined to the Forces. I was visiting a factory recently when there was a terrible accident.

A man was caught up in the machinery and whirled round and round before he finally dropped to the floor. Appalled, the foreman rushed up, bent over the prostrate man, and cried, "Speak to me, speak to me."

The victim opened his eyes, looked at him coldly, and said: "Why should I speak to you? I passed you six times and you didn't speak to me."

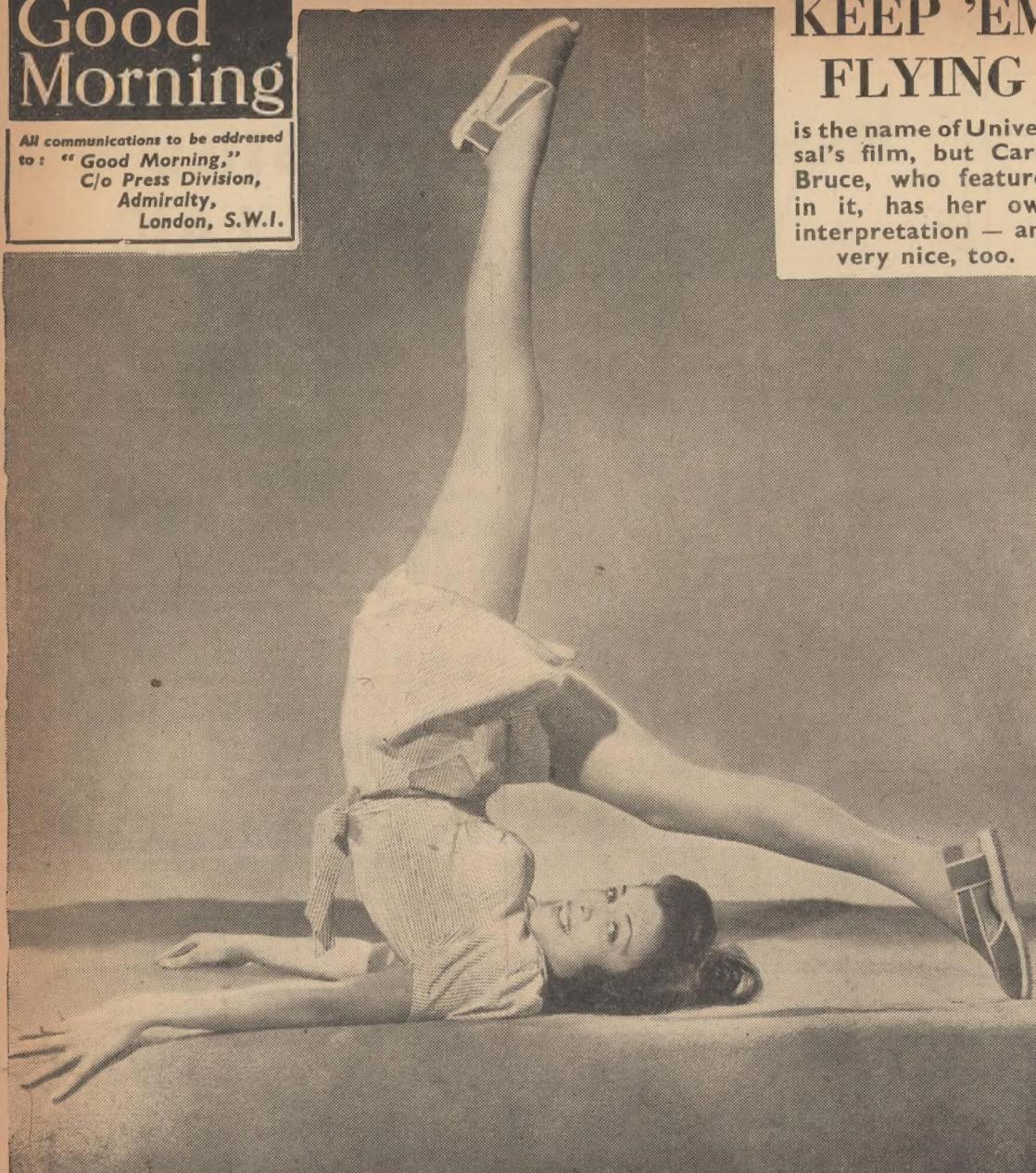
LET'S HAVE A LINE
on what you think of "Good Morning" with your ideas.
Address Top of Page 4

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

KEEP 'EM FLYING

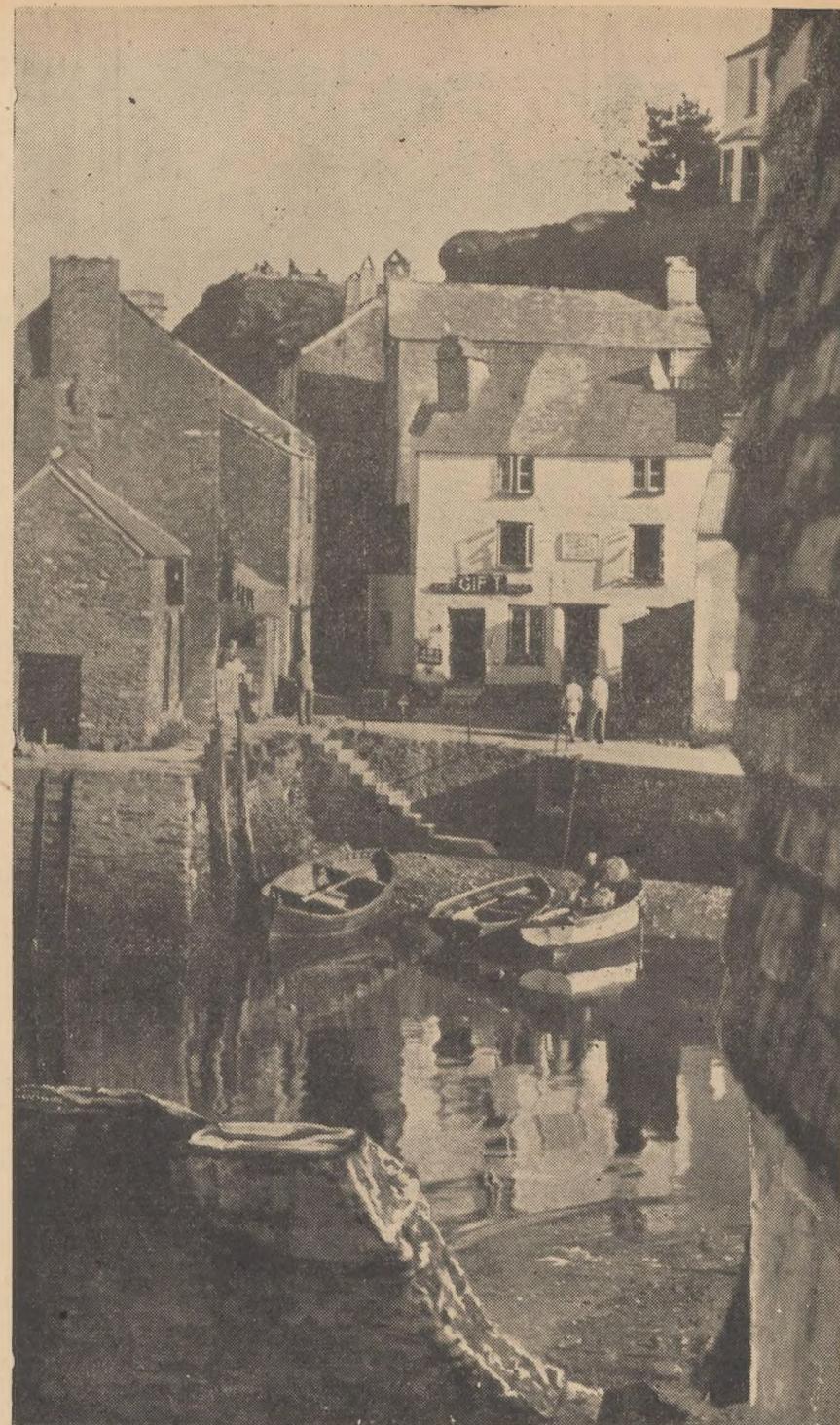
is the name of Universal's film, but Carol Bruce, who features in it, has her own interpretation — and very nice, too.



Bo-oooh

"Who's pinched my parachute? How the heck can a guy do any 'high-flyin'' when his harness is screwed down to his pram?"

This England



★ A glimpse of the peaceful village of Polperro, Cornish haunt of artists and beauty-lovers. Almost looks as though Time is standing still to bathe itself in sunshine. ★



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ah!—Childhood days!"—

